THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JOHNSON.

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THE RED BOX,

OR,

SCENES AT THE GENERAL WAYNE.

A TALE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued.)

'And yet,' said colonel Brigham, 'they do not speak like Englishmen, and I am sure they are neither Scotch nor Irish.'

'I hear them all pacing about up stairs in the old fellows room,' said Oliver; 'think of four men putting one man to bed, or of any one man allowing four to do it. But 'their souls are subdued to what they work in,' as I heard another play actor say. By the by, the old rogue has forgotten his red box, and left it on the mantle-piece. I wonder what is in it?'

'May be it is full of gold money,' said Mrs. Brigham, who had just entered the room with Fanny, the daughter proceeding to put back the chairs, while the mother swept up the hearth.

'Bank notes rather,' said Oliver.

'Jewels, I think,' said Fanny.

'Deeds of property, perhaps,' said the Colonel.

'Well, well,' said Mrs. Brigham, 'tis time for all good people to be in bed, so we'll let the strangers and their box rest till to-morrow.'

'I think,' observed the Colonel, 'the box had best be carried up to them. Take it Oliver.'

'I just heard the young men leave their uncle's room to go to their own.' said Mrs. Brigham. 'May be it won't do to disturb him, now he's in bed.'

'Then let it be taken to the young men,' returned the Colonel. 'Where have you put them?'

'I told Peter to shew them all to the four-bed room, at the other end of the house,' answered Mrs. Brigham, 'as they seemed to be alike in every thing, I supposed they always prefer sleeping in the same place. All the four beds have exactly the same blue and white coverlets.'

'Well,' said Oliver, 'I'll take them the box as I pass their room on the way to my own. But I must go first to the stable, and see how Sorrell's foot is; I cannot be satisfied if I do not look at it once more to-night.'

The other members of the family now retired to their apartments, and Oliver took a lantern and went to the stable, to inspect again the state of the disabled horse.

When the four Lambleys waited on their uncle out of the parlor, they all perceived that the old gentleman had for the first time forgotten to take the red morrocco box with him, and they all exchanged glances to this effect, being used to each other's signs. After they had gone through the tedious process of seeing him to bed, and carefully folding up his numerous garments, they held consultation in their own room; and, accustomed to acting in concert, they concluded that as soon as the house was quiet, they would all go down stairs together and bring up the red box. Fortunately for them, they knew Mr. Culpepper to be a sound sleeper, notwithstanding his constant assertions to the contrary, and that he always went to sleep as soon as he was in bed.

When they came into the parlor, where all was now dark and silent, they set their candle on the table, and taking down the red box, one of them said, 'at last we have an opportunity of satifying ourselves.'

'Tis the first time,' said another, 'that the box has ever been out of the old villian's possession. How strange that he should not have missed it. He must have had something in his head more than usual to-night.'

'He even forgot to take his lozenges before he went to bed,' said a third.

'James,' said the fourth, 'did you slip the little key out of his under waistcoat pocket, as I signed to you to do while you were folding it up.'

'To be sure I did,' replied James, 'here it is,' (dangling it by the red ribbon that was tied to it.) 'But do you open the box George for I am afraid.'

'Give me the key then,' said George, 'for we have no time to loose.'

'What a lucky chance!' said Richard Lambley.

'Now,' said William, we shall learn what we have been longing to discover for the last five years.'

The key was turned, and the box was opened. A folded parchment lay within it, tied round with red tape. Each of the brothers simultaneously put out a hand to grasp it.

'One at a time,' said the elder, taking it out and opening it; 'just as we suspected—it is the old fellow's will, regularly drawn up, signed and witnessed.'

They looked over each other's shoulders in intense anxiety, while the eldest of the brothers, in a low voice, ran over the contents of the parchment. There was an unanimous exclamation of surprise that amounted almost to horror, when, after the usual preamble, they came to some explicit words, by which the testator devoted the whole of his property to the endowment of a hospital for idots. They had proceeded thus far, when they were startled by the entrance of Oliver, who saw in a moment in what manner they were engaged. They hastily folded up the will, and replaced it in the box, of which they directly turned the key, looking very much disconcerted.

'I was coming,' said Oliver, setting down his lantern, 'to get that box and take it to you, that you might keep it safe for your uncle till morning. I have been detained at the stable longer than I expected, doing something for a lame horse.'

There was a whispering among the Lambleys.

'Very well,' said one of them to Oliver, 'the box can stand on the mantle-piece till morning, and then when my uncle comes down he can get it for himself. He must not be disturbed with it to-night; and no doubt it will be safe enough here.'

The truth was, they were all justly impressed with the persuasion that if Mr Culpepper knew the box to have been all night in their room, he would believe, as a thing of course, that they had opened it by some means, and examined its contents. Servility and integrity rarely go together.

They whispered again, and each advanced towards Oliver, holding out a dollar.

'What is this for,' said Oliver, drawing back.

'We do not wish you,' said one of the Lambleys, 'to mention to any one, that you found us examining this box.'

'Why should I mention it!' replied Oliver, 'do you suppose I tell every thing I see and hear? But what is that money for?'

'For you,' said the Lambleys.

'What am I to do for it?'

'Keep our secret.'

Oliver started back, coloured to his temples, contracted his brows, and clenching his hands, said, 'I think I could beat you all four. I am sure of it. I could knock every one of you down, and keep you there, one after another. And I will too, if you don't put up that money this instant.'

The Lambleys quickly returned the dollars to their pockets, murmuring an apology; and Oliver paced the room in great agitation, saying, 'I'll go west. I'll go to the wickest of the back woods; nobody there will affront me with money.'

The Lambleys hastily replaced the red box on the mantle-piece, and taking an opportunity when Oliver, as he walked up and down, was at the far end of the room, with his back to them, they all stole past him and glided up stairs, to talk over the discovery of the night.

Having no longer the same motive for submitting to the iron rule of their uncle they were eager to be emancipated from his tyranny, and they spent several hours in canvassing the manner in which this was to be effected. They had not candor enough to acknowledge that they had inspected the will, nor courage to break out into open rebellion; still, knowing what they now did, they feared that it would be impossible for them to preserve in their usual assiduities to Mr Culpepper, for whom they could find no term that seemed sufficiently opprobrious.

Habit is second nature. The morning found them as usual, in their uncle's room to assist at his toilet, with all their accustomed submission. The one that had pocketed the key of the red box, took care to contrive an opportunity of slipping it unperceived into the pocket, as he unfolded and handed Mr. Culpepper his under waistcoat.

After he was shaved and dressed, and ready to go down stairs, the old gentleman suddenly missed the red box, and exclaimed, 'Why, where is my box? What has gone with it? Who has taken it?'

The nephews had all turned their faces to the windows, and were steadfastly engaged in observing the pigeons that were walking about the porch.

'Where's my red box, I say?' vociferated the old man. 'Go and see if I left it down stairs last night. A thing impossible though. No, stay, I'll not trust one of you. I'll go down myself.'

He then actually ran down stairs, and on entering the parlour where the breakfast table was already set, and the family all assembled, he espied the red box standing quietly on the mantle-piece.

'Ah!' he ejaculated, 'there it is. I feared I had lost it.' And he felt in his waistcoat pocket to ascertain if the key was safe.

To Mrs Brigham's inquiry, of 'how he had rested,' Mr. Culpepper replied in a melancholy tone, that he had not slept a wink the whole night. On her asking if any thing had disturbed him, he replied, 'Nothing whatever; nothing but the usual restlessness of ill health.' And he seemed almost offended when she suggested the possibility of being asleep and not knowing it.

Though he assured the family, when he sat down, that he had not the slightest appetite, the bowl of sago which had been prepared by his orders was soon pushed aside, and his breakfast became the counterpart of his supper the night before.

In taking their seats the Lambleys, instead of their customary amicable contention, as to which of them should sit next uncle, now, in the awkwardness of their embarrassment, all got to the other side of the table, and ranged themselves opposite to him in a row. Mr Culpepper looked surprised, and invited Fanny and Oliver to place themselves beside him.

The four young men were very irregular and inconsistent in their behavior. As often as their uncle signified any of his numerous wants, their habitual sycophancy caused them to start forward to wait on him; but their recent disappointment with regard to the disposal of his wealth, and their secret consciousness of the illicit means they had made use of to discover the tenor of his will rendered them unable to watch his countenance, and anticipate his demands by keeping their eyes on his face, as heretofore.

Their uncle saw that they were all in a strange way, and that something unusual was possessing them, and frequently in the midst of his talk with Colonel Brigham he stopped to look at them and wonder—something having reminded him of a certain ridiculous anecdote, he related it to the great amusement of the Brighams, who heard it for the first time. Mr. Culpepper, on looking over at his nephews, perceived that instead of laughing in concert, (as they always did at this, his favorite oak,) they all appeared *distrait*, and as they had not paid the slightest attention to it. He bent forward across the table, and fixing his keen eyes upon them, said, with a scrutinizing look and in an under-tone, 'You have been reading my will!'

The poor Lambley's all laid down their knives and forks, turned pale, and nearly fell back in their chairs.

'Don't expose yourselves farther,' whispered Culpepper, leaning across to them, 'I know you all;' and then turning to Colonel Brigham, he with much *sang froid* pursued the conversation.

Oliver, (who alone of the family understood what was passing,) began to feel much compassion for the poor young men. The scene became very painful to him, and finding that his aversion to the uncle was increasing almost beyond concealment, he hastily finished his coffee, and quitted the room.

When breakfast was over, and they were all leaving the table, old Culpepper said aside to his nephews, 'In founding an hospital for idots, I still give you an opportunity of benefiting by my bounty.'

They reddened and were about to quit the parlor, when their uncle, taking a chair himself, said to them, 'sit down, I pray you.' They mechanically obeyed, looking as they were about to receive sentence of death. Fanny began to feel frightened and glided out of the room; her mother having just followed the departure of the breakfast things, Colonel Brigham rose also to go, when Mr. Culpepper stopped him, saying, 'Remain my good friend. Stay and hear my explanation of some things that must have excited your curiosity.'

He then took down the red box. The nephews looked at each other, and a sort of whisper ran along the line, which ended in their all jumping up together, and bolting out at the door.

Mr. Culpepper gazed after them awhile, and then turned towards Colonel Brigham with a sardonic laugh on his face. 'Well, well,' said he, 'they are right. It is refreshing to see them for once acting naturally. It was, perhaps, expecting too much, even of them, to suppose they would sit still and listen to all I was likely to say, for they know me well. Yet, if they had read my will, they would not have dared to quit the room when I ordered them to remain.

He then proceeded to relate that he was a native of Quebec, where in early life he had long been engaged in a very profitable commercial business and had been left a widower, at the age of forty. A few years afterwards he married again. His second wife was a lady of large fortune, which she made over to him, on condition that he should take her family name of Culpepper. The Mr. Lambleys were the nephews of his wife, being the children of her youngest sister. On the death of their parents, he was induced by her to give them a home in his house.

The four Lambleys had very little property of their own, their father having dissipated nearly all that he had acquired by his marriage. They had been educated for professions in which it was soon found that they had neither the ability nor the perseverance to succeed; their whole souls seeming concentrated to one point, that of gaining the favor of their uncle, (who lost his second wife a few years after their marriage,) and with this object they vied with each other in a course of unremitting and untiring servilities, foolishly supposing it the only way to accomplish their aim of eventually becoming his heirs.

All that they gained beyond the payment of their current expenses, was Mr. Culpepper's unqualified contempt. He made a secret resolution to revenge himself on their duplicity, and to disappoint their mercenary views by playing them a trick at the last, and he had a will drawn up, in which he devised his whole property to the establishment of a hospital. This will he always carried about with him in the red morocco box.

He had come to the United States on a tour for the benefit of his health, and also to satisfy himself as to the truth of all he had heard respecting the unparalleled improvement of the country since it had thrown off the yoke, which his fellow subjects of Canada were still satisfied to wear.

'And now,' continued Mr. Culpepper to his landlord, 'you have not seen all that is in the red box. I know not by what presentiment I am impelled,—but short as our acquaintance has been, I cannot resist an unaccountable inclination to speak more openly of my private affairs to you, Col. Brigham, than to any person I have ever met with. I feel persuaded that I shall find no cause to regret having done so. It is a long time since I have had any one near me to whom I could talk confidentially.' And he added with a sigh, 'I fear that I may say with Shakspeare's Richard, there is no creature loves me.'

Mr. Culpepper then opened the red box, and took out from beneath the will, and several other documents that lay under it, a folded paper which he held in his hand for some months in silence. He then gave it to Colonel Brigham, saying, 'Do you open it; I cannot. It is more than twenty years since I have seen it.'

The Colonel unfolded the paper. It contained a small miniature of a beautiful young lady, in a rich, but old fashioned, dress of blue satin, with lace cuffs and stomacher, her hair being dress very high, and ornamented with a string of pearls, arranged in festoons. Colonel Brigham looked at the miniature, and exclaimed in a voice of astonishment: 'This is the likeness of Oliver's mother.'

'Oliver's mother!' ejaculated Mr. Culpepper, in equal amasement: 'Oliver, what the young man that lives with you, that you call your adopted son? This is the miniature of my daughter, Elizabeth Osborne.'

'Then,' replied the Colonel, 'your daughter was Oliver's mother.'

'Where is she?' exclaimed Culpepper wildly. 'Is she alive after all? When I heard of her death I believed it. Do you know where she is?'

'She is dead,' said Colonel Brigham, passing his hand over his eyes. 'I saw her die; I was at her

funeral. I can bring you proof enough that this is the likeness of Oliver's mother. Shall I tell my wife of this discovery?'

'You may tell it to your whole family,' answered Mr. Culpepper, throwing himself back in his chair. 'You are all concerned in it. Why, indeed, should it be a secret?

Colonel Brigham left the room, and shortly after returned, conducting his wife, who was much flurried, worked in queen-stitch with pocket-book, colored crewels. She was followed by Fanny, looking very pale and bringing with her some sewing, by the way of having something in her hands.' They found Mr. Culpepper with his face covered, and evidently in great agitation.

'See,' said Mrs. Brigham, sitting down before him, and untying the red worsted strings of the pocket book, 'here's the very fellow to that likeness.' She then took out an exact copy of the miniature. There were also some letters that had passed between the father and mother of Oliver, previous to their marriage.

'Keep these things in my best pocket-book,' continued Mrs. Brigham; 'husband gave them in my keeping, and when Oliver is twenty one, (which will not be till next spring,) they are all to go to him.'

'Mr. Culpepper gazed awhile at the miniature, and then turned over the letters with a trembling hand. 'I see,' said he, 'that there is no flaw in the evidence. This is, indeed, a copy of my daughter's miniature. These letters I have no desire to read, for of course they refer to the plot that was in train for deceiving me. And they thought they had well succeeded. But their punishment soon came, in a life of privation and suffering, and in an early death to both.

May such be the end of all stolen marriages!

Still, she was my daughter; my only child! So much the worse; she should not have left me for a stranger.'

It was painful and revolting to the kind-hearted Brighams, to witness the conflict between the vindictive spirit of this unamiable old man, and the tardy re-kindling of his parental feelings. In a few moments he made an effort to speak with connection and composure, and related the following particulars. After the unsuccessful attack on Quebec, by the gallant and ill-fated Montgomery, a young American officer, who had been severely wounded in the conflict, was brought into the city, and received the most kind and careful attendance from the family of a gentleman, who had once been intimately acquainted with his father. The family who thus extended their hospitality to a suffering enemy, were the next door neighbors of Mr. Culpepper, whose name was then Osborne. Captain Dalzel was a handsome and accomplished young man, and his case excited much interest among the ladies of Quebec, and in none more than in Miss Osborne, who from her intimacy in the house at which he was staying, had frequent opportunities of seeing him during his long convalescence. A mutual attachment was the consequence, and it was kept a profound secret from her father who had in view for her a marriage with a Canadian gentleman of wealth and consequence.

When Captain Dalzel was about to return home on being exchanged, he prevailed on Miss Osborne to consent to a secret marriage. Mr. Culpepper acknowledged, that on discovering it he literally turned his daughter out of doors, and sent back unopened, a letter which she wrote to him from Montreal. From that time he never suffered her name to be mentioned in his presence; and he was almost tempted to consign to the flames a miniature of her, which had been painted for him by an English artist, then resident in Quebec. But a revulsion of feeling so far prevailed, as to prevent him from thus destroying the resemblance of his only child; and he put away the miniature with a firm resolution, never to look at it again. Five years afterwards he heard, accidentally of Captain Dalzel's having fallen in battle, and that Elizabeth had survived him but a few days.

'And how did you feel when you heard this?' asked Colonel Brigham.

'Feel,' replied Culpepper, fiercely; 'I felt that she deserved her fate, for having deceived her father, and taken a rebel for her husband, and an enemy's country for her dwelling place.'

Fanny shuddered at the bitter and implacable tone in which these words were uttered, and the Brighams were convinced, that with such a parent, Miss Osborn's home could at no time have been a happy one.

'But,' continued old Culpepper, after a pause, 'I will confess, that since I have been in your country, I have felt some compunctious visitings;' and I had determined not to leave the States without making some inquiry as to my daughter having left children.

'She had only Oliver,' replied Colonel Brigham.

'The boy's features have no resemblance to those of his mother,' said Culppeper; 'still there is something in his look, that at once prepossessed me in his favor. But tell me all that you know about his parents.?'

The Colonel's narrative implied, that he had been well acquainted with Captain Dalzel, who was of the Virginia line, and who was mortally wounded at Yorktown, where he died two days after the surrender;—consigning to the care of Colonel Brigham a minature of his wife, which he said was procured before his marriage from an artist, whom he had induced to copy privately, one that he was painting for the young lady's father.

The war being now considered as ended by the capture of Cornwalis and his army, Colonel Brigham repaired to Phi ladelphia, where her husband had informed him that Mrs. Dalzel was living in retired lodgings.—He found that the melancholy news of Captain Dalzel's fate had already reached her;—and it had caused the rupture of a blood vessel, which was hurrying her immediately to the grave. She was unable to speak, but she pointed to her child, (then about four years old,) who was sobbing at her pillow.—The Colonel deeply moved, assured her that he would carry the boy home with him to his wife, and that while either of them lived, he should never want a parent. A gleam of joy lighted up the languid eyes of Mrs. Dalzel and they closed to open in this world no more.

The anguish evinced by Mr. Culpepper at this part of the narrative, was such as to draw tears from Mrs. Brigham and Fanny. The Colonel dwelt no further on the death of Mrs. Dalzel, but concluded his story in as few words as possible, saying that he carried the child home with him; that his wife received him gladly, and that not one of the relations of Captain Dalzel, (and he had none that were of near affinity,) ever came forward to dispute with the charge of the boy.—Captain Dalzel, he knew, has possessed no other fortune than his commission.

When Colonel Brigham had finished his tale,

'Well,' said Mr. Culpepper, making a strong effort to recover his composure, 'Perhaps I treated my daughter too severely in continuing to cherish so deep a resentment against her. But why did she provoke me to it? However, the past can never be recalled. I must endeavor to make her son behave better to me. Where is Oliver? let me see him immediately.'

He had scarcely spoken, when Oliver entered the porch, accompanied by the four Lambleys, whom he had met strolling about lonely and uncomfortable, and he kindly offered to show them round the farm, not knowing what better he could do for them. They had just completed their tour, and thought it was a beautiful farm, and in fine order, the Lambleys had walked over it without observing any thing, being all the time engaged in inveighing bitterly to Oliver against their uncle. Oliver regarded them as so many Sinbads, ridden by the Old Man of the Sea, and advised them to throw him off, forthwith.

'Come in Oliver,' said Colonel Brigham, 'you are wanted here.'

Oliver entered the parlor, and the Lambleys remained in the porch, and looked in at the windows, curious to know what was going on.

Mr. Culpepper then took Oliver by the hand, and said to him in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Young man, in me you behold your grandfather.'

Oliver changed color, and started back, and Mr. Culpepper was deeply chagrined, to see that this announcement gave him any thing but pleasure. The story was briefly explained to him, and Mr. Culpepper added, 'From this moment, you may consider yourself as belonging to me. I like you; and will leave my money to you, rather than found a hospital.'

'You had better leave it to these poor fellows, that have been trying for it so long,' said Oliver bluntly.

The nephews all regarded him with amazement.

'Hear me, Oliver,' said Mr. Culpepper; 'It is not merely because you are my grandson, and as such my legal heir—unless I chose to dispose of my property otherwise—but I took a fancy to you the moment I saw you, when I could not know that you were of my own blood. As to those fellows, I have had enough of them, and no doubt they had enough of me. I have towed them about already too long. It is time I should cut the rope, and turn them adrift. No doubt they will do better when left to shift for themselves.'

The Lambleys exhibited visible signs of consternation.

'Oliver,' continued Mr. Culpepper, 'prepare to accompany me to Canada. There you shall live with me as my acknowledged heir, taking the name of Culpepper, and no longer feeling yourself a destitute orphan.'

'I never have felt myself a destitute orphan,' said Oliver, looking gratefully at Colonel and Mrs. Brigham, both of whom felt as if they could clasp him in their arms.

'I promise you every reasonable enjoyment that wealth can bestow,' pursued Mr. Culpepper.

'I have all sorts of reasonable enjoyments already,' answered Oliver. 'A fine farm to take care of; a capital gun; four excellent dogs; and such horses as are not to be found within fifty miles; fine fishing in the Susquehannah; plenty of newspapers to read, and some books too; and now and then a visit to the city, where I take care to see all the shows.'

'Nonsense,' said Mr. Culpepper; 'what is all this compared with an introduction to the best society of Quebec.'

'And what better than all this is done by the best society of Quebec,' inquired Oliver.

Mr. Culpepper did not answer this question; but continued; "There is another consideration of still more consequence. As my grandson and heir, I can ensure you an opportunity of marrying a lady of fashion and fortune.

'I would rather marry Fanny,' said Oliver.

At this spontaneous and unequivocal announcement, Colonel and Mrs. Brigham each caught one of Oliver's hands, unable to conceal their joy. A flush passed over Fanny's face, and she half rose up, and then sat down again. At last she said with sparkling eyes, and a curl of her lip, 'How do you know that Fanny will have you?' And she pursued her work with such eagerness, that she forgot to replenish her needle, and went on sewing without a thread.

There was silence a few moments, and then Mr. Culpepper proceeded: 'In short, you must go with me to Canada, and settle there for life.'

'First listen to me,' said Oliver, for I am going to make a speech, and I intend to abide by it. As to your being my grandfather, that is a thing I cannot help. You must not expect me to be taken with a sudden affection for you, and to feel dutiful all at once, when I never saw you in my life before yesday. May be it might come after a while; but that is quite a matter of doubt, as I fear we should not suit each other at all. Neither will I ever consent to go and live in Canada, and be under the rule of a king. My father died in trying to get free from one. I like my own country, and I like the way of living I am used to; and I like the good friends that have brought me up. And if Fanny won't have me, I dare say I can find somebody that will.'

The Brighams looked reproachfully at their daughter, who held down her head and gave her sewing such a flirt, that it fell from her hand on the floor, and the Lambleys picked it up.

'Another thing,' proceeded Oliver to Mr. Culpepper: "This is your will, is it not?—(putting his hand on it as it lay beside the red box.) Now tell me if there are any legacies in it.'

'Not one,' replied Mr. Culpepper, 'the whole is left to endow the hospital for idiots. I knew nothing that deserved a legacy.'

'So much the worse,' said Oliver, 'it looks as if you had no friends. You had better make another will.'

'I intend to do so,' replied Culpepper.

'Then,' said Oliver, this is of no use;—and the sooner there is an end of it the better;' and threw it on the fire, where it was instantly consumed. The Lambleys were so frightened at this outrageous act, for so it appeared to them,) that they all tried to get out of the room. Mrs. Brigham spread her hands with a sort of scream; her husband could not help laughing; Fanny again dropped her work and nobody picked it up. Mr. Culpepper frowned awfully; but he was the first to speak, and said, 'Young man, how have you dared to do this?'

'I can dare twice as much,' replied Oliver; I have shot a bear face to face. One hard winter there were several found in the woods not ten miles off. Suppose, Mr. Culpepper, you were to die suddenly, (as you possibly may in a fit or something,) before you get your new will made. This would then be considered the right one, and your money after all would go to that idiot hospital'

'You are the most original youth I ever met with,' said Culpepper; I know not how it is, but the more you oppose me the better I like you.'

The nephews looked astonished.

'Still,' observed Oliver, 'it would never do for us to live together. For myself, I neither like opposing or submitting, never having been used to either.'

'It is not possible,' said Culpepper, 'that you mean seriously to refuse my offer of protection and fortune.'

'As to protection, replied Oliver; 'I can protect myself. And as to fortune, I dare say I can make one for myself. And as to that other thing, the wife, I shall try to get one of my own sort. Fanny or somebody else. And as to the name of Culpepper, I'll never take it.'

'And will you really not go with me to Canada?'

'No! positively I will not. I believe that I ought to thank you for your offers, which I now do. No doubt they were well meant. But here I intend to stay with the excellent people that took me when nobody else would, and that have brough me up as their own child. I know how sorry they would be were I to leave them, and yet they have had the forbearance not to say one word to persuade me to stay. So it is my firm determination to live and die with them.'

He then shook hands with each of the old Brighams, who were deeply affected, and threw their arms around him. Fanny, completely overcome, entirely off her guard, fled to Oliver, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into tears. He kissed her cheek, saying, 'Now Fanny, I hope we understand each other; and Colonel Brigham put his daughter's hand into Oliver's.

'So then;' said Mr. Culpepper, 'I have found a grandson but to lose him. Well, I deserve it.'

The nephews looked as if they thought so too.

What shall I do now? continued the old man dolorously.

'Take your nephews into favor again,' said Oliver.

'They never were in favor,' replied the uncle.

'At all events treat them like men.'

'It is their own fault. Why do they not behave as such?'

'Come in all of you,' said Mr. Culpepper.

They mechanically obeyed his summons, and entered the parlor.

The old gentleman walked about in much perturbation. At last he said to the Lambleys, 'Young men, as you took a most nefarious method of discovering my intentions towards you, and as I have never had a doubt respecting the real motive of all your obsequiousness to me, there is no use in attempting any farther disguise at all on either side. When masks are only of gauze it is not worth while to wear them. Try then if you can be natural for a little while, till I see what can be done with you. You will find it best in the end. And now, I think, we will go away as soon as possible. The longer I stay here, the more difficult I shall find it to leave Oliver.'

[To be Concluded]

WASHINGTON CITY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1837.

☞A CARD.☜

Will Mr. BROWN of the newspaper department, in the New York Post. Office, please inform Mrs. Royall how long since the "carrier could not find Messrs. C. Hamilton, L. L. Morton, J. Waldee, S. Morison, W. B. Rathbone, R. Curtis, J. White, and D. T. Valentine," and let her know, as somebody must pay the piper.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

☞We find it impossible to complete the Tale commenced in our last and promised to be concluded in this week's paper, for want of room.

Our summary of news has also been cut short for the same reason.

COMMUNICATIONS.

They are crowded out by a tale, which is much longer than we supposed. One relates to our *Register*—Mr. Hewitt, we suppose. He is charged with not only making both ends meet, but making them lap over! What have you been about, Mr. Hewitt, with these "*ends?*" Take care: the correspondent says "the election is hand." There is meaning in it.

NEW PAPERS.

In the course of the last two or three months we have received several new papers, which common politeness to our brethren would most certainly have led us to express our grateful respects sooner, but for the very important subjects in which we were engaged. We hope this apology will be accepted by our friends.

We have likewise received several pamphlets on various subjects, which we have not had leisure to read—our time being very limited. Most of these treat of mat-

ters which we do not understand; and we would be just as apt to do writers an injury as a benefit to notice them.

Among the new papers we have, first, the CLEVELAND (Ohio) LIBERALIST. It is a neatly printed sheet, containing eight pages, in book form, and very ably edited by Dr. S. UNDERHILL, who, from what we have seen, is unquestionably a gentleman of learning and talents. The paper is decidedly opposed to money religion, and takes a bold stand against hypocrisy and bigotry, in particular. It, however, contains the common occurrences of the day, and is published weekly at $2 00 per annum, in advance.

GLAD TIDINGS AND OHIO CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE

Is another liberal and very interesting paper in pamphlet form, 16 pages octavo. It is an ably edited paper, and contains a variety of intelligence and miscellaneous matter. It appears to be a Universalist paper. The following are the terms:

Published every Saturday, simultaneously at Pittsburgh, Pa. and Columbus, Ohio.
S. A. DAVIS, M. A CHAPPELL, } Editors.
L. L. SADLER, Associate Editor.

Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents per annum, in advance—one dollar and *seventy five* cents if delayed three months, and *two dollars*, if not paid within six months.

N. B. Agents who will obtain and become responsible for five subscribers, will be entitled to the sixth copy gratis.

All letters must be addressed, (post paid, or free,) to the Editors, either at Pittsburgh, or Columbus, O.

☞Offices of publication, corner of Market and Fourth Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.; and at the residence of the Rev'd L. L. Sadler, near the Presbyterian Church, Columbus, O.

THE SENTINEL OF MENTAL FREEDOM

Is another liberal paper just started in Rochester, N. Y. The paper is headed TRUTH, VIRTUE, REASON, and PHILOSOPHY. It is also printed in pamphlet form of 16 pages octavo. The name of the editor does not appear; but the style is original, keen, and classical. There seem to be several gentlemen engaged in it, and propose to furnish the paper gratis for one year.

We are pleased to see the press taking a manly stand, and independence starting up in every part of our country; and trust they will meet with encouragement—it is high time. In this paper we find the following, which we have occasionally suggested would be the fact, from the diction of the NEW TESTAMENT by those tract people:

"TERRIBLE NEWS!!!!

A rumor is in circulation, that an extensive conspiracy is organized for the purpose of *subjecting* (not uniting) the civil constitutions, government and laws of the United States to the dominion of the HEBREW THEOCRACY,—and that its *subjects* have been ordered not to vote for the *rebels* to the latter dynasty, for any public office!!! We have received several TREMENDOUS ASTOUNDING FACTS, in confirmation of this rumor, which we propose to lay before our readers in the next number of the Sentinel of Mental Freedom."

If this be the case, there is no doubt but this "Southern Board of Foreign Missions" is to take part in it: for we would as soon believe in a railroad to the moon, as to believe in their "thorough religious instruction." The late simultaneous movement in the Massachusetts legislature* was doubtless known to them.

It is said the Senate have rescinded.

THE TIMES.

"Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air, are made."—Shakspeare.

From every part of the country we hear complaints of HARD TIMES and DISTRESS. Scarcity of money and high price of provision seems to be the general cry. Insolvency and ruin comes on the wind from every point of the compass.

Some ascribe this general calamity to one cause—some to another. Let the cause be what it may, the fact exists; and one of three things seems unavoidable, viz: If speedy relief is not obtained, the people must take provision by FORCE—QUIT the country—or perish of WANT.

We see the administration papers are praising the past and present administration. The "happiness and prosperity of the country" forms the burden of their song by night and by day. We have every reason to believe times are prosperous with them; but like the frogs in the fable, what is sport to them is death to us. Figures cannot lie. From $12 to $14 a barrel for flour; $1 to $1 50 for potatoes; $1 to $2 (which it is in some parts of the country) for Indian corn; butter, beef and bacon proportionably high. Who but the government party can stand it? They have all the money—all the employments—all the contracts—they can purchase provision with great ease, and live in great style. This of itself creates opposition and bitterness. This is contrary to the principles of republican government, and ought not to exist in this country.

It matters not by what name tyranny is called, or whether exercised by one or by many. Oppression is oppression, let it be exercised by nobles, king, or the usurpation of office-holders.

Some say speculators buy up provision of all kinds and retail it at unreasonable prices. Of this we are ignorant. We only know that provision is too high and money too scarce to purchase enough to suffice the people at any price; and if it continue at this, the people—the producing class—and those unable to work, must suffer.

MONEY.

The scarcity of money is ascribed to various causes. Some ascribe it to the removal of the deposites and the monopoly of the treasury banks by the administration party. Some ascribe it to the treasury circular—some to land speculators—and some to all three. What the true cause is, we know not; but this we know—it is idle to suppose the people will submit to it much longer. There is much discontent throughout the country, and the people begin to use language that cannot be misunderstood.

One—the principal cause in our opinion is—the never-ending drains of the EVANGELICAL CHURCH, by far more *exorbitant* than any tythes in Europe; and the only difference is, that the tythes in Europe are exacted by law, whereas the church revenue in this country is exacted by tyranny over the mind—that is the tyranny over ignorance.

Again: the church revenue in Europe is returned to circulation by the extravagance of the incumbents. Not so here! Not one cent of the enormous sums levied upon ignorance in this country ever finds its way back to the people!

Another cause of poverty in this country is a combination amongst the members and elders of the Church and State party to patronize no mechanic, merchant, day-laborer, or seamstress, who does not pay for tracts, missionary and money religion. And as those pious leaders of this party have the greatest funds in the country, and have the greatest power, every mechanic in the country FEELS IT; and so far from daring to resist (excepting Philadelphia and perhaps New York) hang their heads and submit.

These pious gentlemen likewise have a finger in all the stock in the Union.

Our Sally says "it is them there *infernal* (internal) improvements that makes every thing so high; and for all she can see, railroads is more *illconvenient* than the old way. This much may be said of those improvements—that not a dollar paid by the poor man ever finds its way back into his pocket. It goes to enrich the company. It is a monopoly like the banks; it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. All monopolies are aristocratic.

And be it remembered that all those companies rule the legislatures, and by free tickets and bribes, have any law passed they please, in spite of the people—so that the industry of the laborer, the working man, &c., goes to maintain a great portion of the people in idleness and luxury. Hence, the political party in power (falsely called Democrats) scoff and deride the working men.

It is time for the working classes to unite more firmly and act with more spirit and decision, and prosecute their original plan of general and useful education—their liberty, their life, and their all, depends upon it—or they will see a feudal system of government established in these United States—a system which has already made its appearance.

FLOUR.

Since writing the preceding article, we are informed that flour in Georgetown, D. C. has fallen from $13 to $8 87½; and we may soon expect to see the bakers furnish bread proportionably low. This is cheering news.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

BANKS.—An act has just been passed by the Legislature of Virginia, increasing the banking capital of that State to eleven or twelve millions of dollars! and providing that after the year 1840, no note of a less denomination than 20 dollars shall be issued. It requires but little sagacity to foresee that the banking mania which pervades the Union, created by the unlawful seizure of the public money and its distribution among a host of these petty corporations, must end in the total destruction of all sound currency, in wide spread ruin through all classes of the community, and to the advantage of none but brokers and swindlers. The people will remember that they are indebted to the humbuggers of the Van Buren and Benton school for the system which is thus working; the sweets of which they already begin to taste.—[Raleigh Star.

This is Democracy, is it? What does Mr. Ritchie say to this? What will the Democracy Editors say?

Gen. JAMES OWEN, the Collector of Wilmington, N. C., has recently been removed from office No cause alleged. A writer in the Raleigh Star is very severe upon the President for so doing. Perhaps he has found a better man.

SENATORS CALHOUN & PRESTON.

A public dinner was given to those distinguished gentlemen, in Charleston, on the 17th ultimo. The following are the toasts drank to each:

"JOHN C. CALHOUN. While Carolina is justly proud of his high talents and excellent character, his heroic efforts to *reform* the Government—restore the Constitution—support our Institutions—and thereby preserve the public *Liberty*, and establish a *perpetual Union* among the States, entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of the *whole country*."

"Our distinguished guest, WM. C. PRESTON. He has ably and eloquently vindicated and maintained Southern rights and Southern institutions, and triumphantly sustained the honor of our State. We greet him with a hearty well done."—*Char. Mer*

Each of the gentlemen made appropriate replies. That of Mr. Preston, as usual with him, is exceedingly brilliant, clear, and eloquent. He said—

"WE MUST UNITE! And we mistook the abolitionists if we expected to crush them by addressing to them motives of fear. He had seen them in the furtherance of their object, pour out money like water, and he believed they were ready, if the occasion called for it, to pour out blood like water. Fanaticism knew no fear."

Mr. Preston expressed himself in favor of annexing TEXAS to the UNION!

MOBILE AND NEW ORLEANS.

In both the pressure for money has no parallel! One crash after another. What is to be the result.

Cotton is dull in *both ports*.

They have one advantage which other towns have not—they can never want for bread and meat.

MISSISSIPPI

Is at a stand still, looking on—some of the citizens still declaring the last election of the State Legislatures illegal.

Land speculators are in trouble. Good! Heaven send them more of it.

We are extremely grieved to hear that Hon. F. Plummer, of this State, is no more! He was drowned crossing a stream which had suddenly swollen by rain.

Hon. Ex-Senator Poindexter is upon the recovery; and the Blueskins have taken quiet possession of Natchez! This is shameful to the character of Mississippians. How was this accomplished? By a *Yankee* woman and her two daughters—tract pedlers. Look to your safety, gentlemen—the enemy is amongst you.

TENNESSEE

Is endeavoring to console herself by her usual wisdom and philosophy. She laments the disappointment of those hopes she once cherished for her favorite and gallant chief; and more than all for his retaining the Currency Bill, passed by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. This one act alone proves what has so often been said, that Gen. Jackson is a tyrant! See the distress he might have prevented!!! Let Mr. Van Buren take warning, and hold no fellowship with the miscreants who misled and misruled Gen. Jackson. But Tennessee does not despond. She is looking forward in high spirits to her convention to meet in May next.

The citizens did themselves much honor in paying a suitable and very dignified reception to her gallant sons upon their return from the Florida expedition.

The Nashville Banner says:

"Politics aside, all must concede that Mr. Van Buren is eminently a gentleman. With what loathing and disgust, then, must he read the Official Organ of the government! How must he secretly turn aside from its inherent and irreclaimable vulgarity! To be the President of a nation of freemen, and not possess the power to select an Official Organ whose course shall be characterised by the ordinary courtesies and civilities of life! Truly, a hard case; but it is only one of numerous circumstances which will go far to make him the SLAVE rather than the Head of the party."

Have a little patience. The Pink and ourself have some hopes that the President will rescind the Treasury order—and even the hope of Mr. *Blair's* reformation is not entirely extinct. It is said he is studying Chesterfield.

OHIO

And the Western States are still discussing the Inaugural Speech, and Gen. Jackson's Farewell Address—each party commenting upon them according to their views of political right and wrong. They say little of the high price of provision; but are loud in their complaints of the *Treasury Circular*, excepting only the hireling presses.

NORTH AND EAST

Are just as they were—electioneering. Some voting and some getting ready to vote—editors quarrelling—abolitionists preaching and praying and helping God to govern the world. Tracts are in greater demand than ever; and Reverend gentlemen are still growing in favor with the ladies.

MASSACHUSETTS.

This State has passed the *Rubicon!* The Legislature has passed an act almost unanimously, declaring that Congress has the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia!!! Brother Joe has saved us the trouble of commenting. He used them up handsomely.

☞We shall have better paper next week for the Huntress.

A son of the Emerald Isle, on his arrival in New York, was hired on the spot by a western farmer. On their way from the wharf, the farmer pointed out some of the most splendid buildings in Broadway, Fulton street &c., ever and anon describing the beauties. But Pat considered them inferior to those in the little town he had lately left far behind. They finally arrived at the Park, and the farmer with a look of attitude of native pride, pointed to the City Hall, asking Pat what he thought of that magnificent pile? Then, and not till then did our Emerald friend stare, and remained silent for some moments, when he at length very cooly replied, "Why by me faith that's a decent sort of a house to be sure, but by St. Patrick I don't believe it was ever built in this country, at all at all!"

POETRY.

SAY WHAT IS JOY?

Say what is joy?
A transient gleam
Of sunshine darting o'er the scene
Of scattered hopes and fears;
We scarce behold the fairest spots,
E'er we perceive the barren plots
Of sorrows, sighs and tears.

Say what is joy?
The bubbling wave
Of running brooks, whose water. lave,
The barren mountain's dome:
Its gentle gliding scarce we tread,
Till dashed against the rocky bed,
We see it beat to foam.

Say what is joy?
A dazzling spark,
A flash that banishes the dark,
And shows the gilded room;
We see it glare, we see it fail,
Thus scarce we joy, e'er we bewail
A worse than midnight gloom.

From the Vincennes Gazette.

TO ELIZA.

I have said I would love thee,
In want or wealth,
In joy or in sorrow,
In sickness or in health.

Oh! yes, I will love thee,
Though fortune should frown—
Though cares should assail thee,
Though friends should disown.

Oh! yes, I will love thee,
Come weal or come wo,
That I e'er will adore thee,
Full well thou dost know.

Should the tide of affliction
Thy heart prostrate low—
Should the ills of misfortune
Cause the big tear to flow.

Yet, yet, I will love thee,
Forever I will,
'Till my heart cease its beating,
My pulse cease to thrill.

In the dark hour of danger,
Thy protector I'll be,
For the heart in my bosom,
Beats only for thee.

Should death e'en assail me,
The world I'd resign,
With thy head on my bosom,
Thy fond hand in mine.

AN OBEDIENT WIFE.

A butcher who lay upon his death bed, said to his wife, "My dear I am not a man for this world, therefore I advise you to marry our man John, he is a lusty strong fellow, fit for your business." Oh dear husband," said she "never let that trouble you, for John and I have agreed upon the matter already."

T. P. PENDLETON,

HAS this day received a fresh supply *Clothes, Cassimeres,* (Cassimeres of a entire new style,) and Vestings, which he pledges to make up to order in the best and most fashionable style, at S. Ditty's old stand, one door west of Brown's Hotel.

nov. 12, 1836.

STRAYED or stolen from the premises of th subscriber on the 4th instant, a red MILK COW She had no flesh marks, but had a small round hole in each ear. Her horns turned upwards, with legs remarkably long. She was a fresh milk cow, having calved but six weeks ago. She was lately purchased near the Old Fields. Whoever will give information of said cow to the subscriber on East Capitol street, Capitol Hill, in this city, will be suitably rewarded. J. McLEAN.

December 9, 1836.

JAMES T. ADAMS,
LOCK AND GUNSMITH,
AND
BELL-HANGER,
Sixth street, between C and Louisiana Avenue,
Washington,

Respectfully informs the public, that he will execute, in a workman-like manner, all business in the above line, and in a way that will give satisfaction to his employers, with punctuality and despatch.

Nov. 21, 1836.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Twice a week.
Passage to Norfolk, Petersburg, and Richmond.

On Monday, the 28th inst., the Steamboats hence to Norfolk will commence to run only twice a week, leaving the lower end of Spear's wharf every Monday and Thursday at 2 P. M. Returning, will leave Norfolk every Sunday and Thursday afternoon.

On and after the 5th January next, they will run once a week, leaving Baltimore every Thursday, at 2 o'clock, and Norfolk every Sunday afternoon.

Should the navigation of the Patapsco be closed by ice at any time during the winter, they will run to and from Annapolis, leaving there at 3 o'clock, P. M. on Thursdays, or as soon as the stages arrive from Baltimore.

The James river boat will run in connection, to and from there as usual.

All baggage at the risk of the owners.

Passage and fare on and after the 28th instant, $8.

JAMES FERGUSON, Agent.

Baltimore, 18th Nov. 1836.

TAKE NOTICE.

MONEY SECRETED!

Mark the description!!!!

ON the bill of the denomination of $20, U. S.; letter D. No. 1689, payable to A. G. Rose, or order, branch at Charleston; dated 2d day of November, 1834; Jos. Johnson, President. Another of the denomination of 5 dolls. on the Lumberman's Bank of Pennsylvania, at Warren; letter A. No. 9098, dated April 20th, 1835; payable to Jn. M. Hughes, or order; Robert Falconer, President.

The above described bank bills were enclosed by the undersigned, Post Master at Quercus Grove, Switzerland county, Ia., on the 26th of Jan. last, and directed to a gentlemnn at Printer's Retreat Post Office, in the aforesaid county, of which Gen. William G. Keen was Postmaster, since which time neither the said bills or letter containing them have been heard of. The said Keen has been arrested, (on complaint of the said Green,) on a charge of having secreted the said letter and money; and after an examination before a Magistrate in Vevay, was recognized to appear before the Circuit Court of the aforesaid county, at the April term, to answer said charge.

The said Green, having for some time suspected said Keen of having purloined his letters and money, enclosed the above described bills, in presence of witnesses, for the purpose of detecting said Keen. As the money may have been put into circulation by said Keen, all persons within whose reach bills of the above denomination may come, are requested to take particular notice, and examine them by the above description. Any information respecting the said bills communicated to the undersigned, Post Master, Quercus Grove, Switzerland County, Indiana, will be greatfully received, and a liberal, reward paid for the same.

MARTIN R. GREEN.

Quercus Grove, Ia., February 24, 1837

W. W. KEYWORTH,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Opposite the National Hotel, Penn. Avenue.

Respectfully informs the public that he has lately received a considerable addition to his stock of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry &c.—to which he solicits the public attention.

☞Clocks and watches effectually repaired, and warranted to keep good time. All kinds of Jewelry repaired at the shortest notice. The highest price paid for old gold and silver. Jan 20, 1837.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory
AND
UPHOLSTERY.

G. W. DONN & CO.,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the Public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line; also, repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Wareroom, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the Railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Sofa Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Beadsteads
Mahogony Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture, for new will give us a call.

Funerals attended to.

For sale, an excellent Piano Forte, in good order, in use only a few months. Price $225.

dec 5.

MICHAEL McDERMOT,
Coach and Harness Manufacturer,
Corner of 4 1-2 and C Streets.

Tenders his respects to his customers in Washington city, and to the public generally, and informs them that he still carries on the Coach and Harness making business, in all its variety, at the above stand, where he will be ready at all times to execute orders confided to him, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice. All work warranted—repairing done as usual at short notice.

Silver and Brass Plating.

He has also employed a first rate Plater, and will do all kinds of plating. Dec. 6.

NOTICE.—The subscriber having taken an addition to his old establishment on 4 1-2 street, the large and commodious coach manufactory, on Missouri Avenue, formerly kept by Isaac Bartlett, between 4 1-2 and 6th streets and nearly opposite Gadsby's hotel, is now ready to execute all orders in the coach making line in the best and neatest manner. He also has on hand a large assortment of excellent Coaches, Barouches, Buggies, and vehicles of every description, &c. &c.

dec 21. MICHAEL McDERMOT.

BELL-HANGING,
WHITE AND BLACK SMITHING,

In all their various branches.

WASHINGTON LEWIS, respectfully informs the citizens of Washington and its vicinity, that he has taken the well known stand of Josiah Bosworth, on 13th, between E and F streets, and near the National theatre, where he will be happy to receive orders in his line of business. He assures the public that no pains will be spared to execute his work in the very best style, and in the most expeditious manner. Nov. 21.

WASHINGTON COFFEE HOUSE.

The subscriber having taken the well known house on Pennsylvania Avenue, recently occupied by Mrs. Argueillis as a Boarding house, respectfully informs the public in general, members of Congress, and the citizens of Washington, that he has made many additions to the building, and changed the interior so as to make it roomy and comfortable for those who may honor him with a call. His Bar is constantly filled with the choicest liquors, and his table abounds with the best the market can afford, with attentive servants. The subscriber pledges himself to furnish gentlemen at a minutes warning, by the single meal, day, week, month or year, as cheap as any can be furnished in this or any other city. The house fronts two streets—Pennsylvania Avenue and 9th streets.

JOHN PETTIBONE.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1836.

EUTAW HOUSE,
Corner of Baltimore and Eutaw Streets,
Baltimore, Maryland.

The Proprietor has the honor to announce to the public, that, after more than three years of unremitted labor, this expensive and spleudid structure, designed for a Hotel, is now finished, amply furnished in every respect, and open for the reception of guests. This edifice stands on an elevation of sixty feet above and at a good, convenient distance from, tide water. It has on all sides a public avenue, affording abundant light to each part, allowing a fine circulation of every healthful breeze, and making its apartments cool and airy in the summer, whilst its substantial walls and modern grates and fire places ensure a warm and equitable temperature in winter. For capaciousness, convenience of arrangement, and completeness of every appendage requisite for a hotel of the first class, the Eutaw House is not excelled by any establishment in our country.

The undersigned, having been engaged fifteen years in keeping a public house, flatters himself that he need only promise to all who may patronize his new establishment, that his best efforts shall be exerted to please them, and at charges which he hopes will meet their approbation.

dec. 5— ASAHEL HUSSEY.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

THE classical excercises of this College will be resumed, as usual, on the 15th of this month. The terms are as follows:

The annual pension for board and lodging, tuition, washing and mending linen and stockings, for use of books, (philosophical and mathematical excepted,) pens, ink, and writing paper, slates and pencils, medical aid and medicine, is $200. Half boarders are received at $90 per annum. All charges must be paid half yearly in advance.

N. B.—An eminent sculptor will give instructions in his art as soon as a class shall be formed.

sep5.—10t THOMAS F. MULLEDY, Pres't.

HOLT'S HOTEL.

THE above establishment having been in successful operation for eighteen months, is now in complete operation for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the city, either on business or for pleasure. In consideration of the present state of the money market, the Proprietor has reduced his prices of board to the following rates, viz:

Gentlemen occupying double bedded or company rooms, per day each,	$1 00
Those occupying single rooms, per day each,	1 25
Ladies and gentlemen, dining at the Ladies' table, per day, each	1 25
Meals served in private rooms, per day, each extra,	50
Private parlour, extra each,	1 00

The proprietor returns his sincere acknowledgments for the very extensive patronage he has received at this establishment, and pledges himself that nothing on his part, or that of his household, shall be wanting to merit a continuation of past favors, and render comfortable those who may in future favor him with a call.

HOURS FOR MEALS.

Breakfast from	7 to 9	Tea from	7 to 9
Dinner,	do. 12 to 4	Supper,	do. 9 to 12

Doors never closed.

STEPH. HOLT.

MARBLE YARD.

J. P. PEPPER, *Pennsylvania Avenue, near the National Hotel,*

Continues to manufacture Marble Mantles, Monuments,

TOMBS, HEADSTONES, &c.

Marble work in general furnished to order. Also, keeps constantly on hand, a full supply of

SOAP STONE,

Suitable for coal grates, backs, jams, hearths, &c.

FIRE BRICK.

Fire brick, and fire slabs, an entire new pattern with level tops, and fire cement, an excellent article in setting grates. December 6.

ALEXANDRIA AND NEW ORLEANS PACKETS.

Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bouch, master, will sail as above, on the 15th Nov. instant, Brig Isaac Franklin, Mr. Smith, master, on the 1st of December.

Brig Uncas, Mr. Bouch master, on the 15th Dec.

They will continue to leave this port on the 1st and 15th of each month, throughout the shipping season. They are all vessels of the first class, commanded by experienced and accommodating officers, will at all times go up the Missisippi by steam, and every exertion used to promote the interest of Shippers and comfort of Passengers

Shippers may prevent a disappointment, by having their Bills of Lading ready the day previous to sailing, as they will go promptly at the time.

Servants that are inten-ded to be shipped, will at any time be received for safe keeping, at 25 cents per day.

nov. 6th. JOHN ARMFIELD.

THE HUNTRESS,

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

TERMS.

Two dollars and fifty cents, or three numbers for five dollars per annum, paid in advance. One dollar and fifty cents for six months, including the Session of Congress. Where it is convenient for subscribers to pay the money down, they can have the paper for six, three, or one month.

Subscribers may discontinue their papers when they think proper, by giving notice to the publisher and paying all arrearages.

All letters sent by mail, must be post-paid.

☞ The Office of the HUNTRESS is on Capitol Hill, within a short distance of the Capitol, at the corner of East Capitol and 2d streets, near the Hill Market.

Advertisements received at this Office, as usual.

PROSPECTUS

For publishing a Newspaper, to be called

THE HUNTRESS,

BY ANNE ROYALL.

The PAUL PRY, which will have completed its FIFTH year in a few days, will be discontinued. I have never attached much importance to a name. A little carrier boy, of whose name I am ignorant, named my first paper—Paul Pry; and my next door neighbor, Mr. Chany, has named the second.

It is not the name which gives importance to a newspaper; but the manner in which it is conducted.

I have, however, been censured by many of my friends for calling my present paper Paul Pry, as too trivial to comport with the dignity and seriousness of an independent paper, which character they have been pleased to bestow upon my feeble efforts to benefit the public.

As I look upon all professions of devotion to the public, in the commencement of a newspaper, in the light of empty boasting—shall only say that the HUNTRESS will not differ materially from its predecessor. It will advocate no party in politics, nor no sect in religion; but will expose corruption, hypocrisy and usurpation, without favor or affection, in ALL.

My stand shall be precisely where it always has been—on the side of the PEOPLE. On this point I have always been firm and inflexible, which is well known. If I have any particular leaning in politics, it is in favor of State Rights, in opposition to the encroachments of the General Government.

But against the untiring and gigantic strides of the Church and State Party, to dissolve our Republic and establish a religious despotism upon its ruins, (which can no longer be doubted is their aim,) we shall maintain an unflinching and uncompromising hostility.

Meantime, the columns of the HUNTRESS will be open to any and every party or sect, who may consider themselves aggrieved, provided their appeals are decorous and respectful—for we look upon the public press as the bona fide property of every citizen. The only difference between the Huntress and Paul Pry will be, the introduction of amusing tales, dialogues, and essays upon general subjects.

CONDITIONS.

The HUNTRESS will be published for the present in this City, at $2 50; or three numbers for five dollars per annum, paid in advance. It will be the same size of the Paul Pry. I have suffered so much loss by sending papers to irresponsible persons, upon promise of immediate payment, that, in justice to myself, it is indispensable that the money should accompany the orders for the paper.

Meantime, where it is convenient for the parties subscribing to pay the money down, the Huntress may be had for six months, three months, or a less time.

I am the public's most obedient and most grateful servant.

ANNE ROYALL.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 5, 1836.